5 January

.here are still many things I should have noted in the last notebook; I leave it unfinished in Paris and begin this one on the train taking me to La Roque.

Yesterday, late afternoon at the Mathurins. Georgette Leblanc in *La Mort de Tintagiles^* Small theater entirely filled. Maeterlinck gives me a seat in his box. Opposite us, Mary Garden; to the right, Duse (wonderful face of an *old* woman; not a single inexpressive wrinkle). *Utter lack of interest* of Maeterlinck's face; materiality of his features; a very positive, very practical man of the north, in whom mysticism is a sort of psychic exoticism.

I expected to find Georgette Leblanc terrible and was annoyed with myself for not being more annoyed with her; but no, the lights were dim enough so that we were spared the coarseness of her features and the indiscreet aspect of her whole body. Indeed, I am willing to admit that she set herself off rather well.

Succession of living tableaux in the Burne-Jones or Walter Crane manner. Continual music slowing down the diction and suggesting great depths behind every sentence. This interferes with the action considerably; every word tends to suggest that the action is taking place anywhere except on the stage.

Dinner with the Drouins, Charles-Louis Philippe, and Gheon. The last-named more *headstrong* than ever. I have already noticed that he is much more intractable when he has just seen Viele-Griffin. Faced with Gheon's protuberances, Philippe withdraws into himself. The few remarks he makes are charming.

7 January

Back from La Roque.

What a danger! What a danger in concerning oneself with so many things! My mind is quite "deconsecrated."

Em. goes to the Louvre with Olga who is trying to learn, who stands

in front of the great works and says facing the Venus de Milo: "What a shame that she's lost her arms!'* In the Apollo Saurochtonus she especially admires the lizard.

[1] *The Death of TintagUes,* a symbolist play by Maurice Maeterlinck, first published in 1894.